

THANKSGIVING MEMORIES.

Thanksgiving! What a number of pleasant memories the word recalls; memories of the home coming of relatives, of the Thanksgiving dinners we have eaten and the Thanksgiving cheer of which we have partaken. We smile when we think of them, but we are also filled with a feeling of sadness when we think of the many who on previous occasions joined in our merry gatherings and will never do so again. Our hearts are especially filled with tenderness and gratitude for those who so valiantly gave their lives in the recent war and now at this Thanksgiving time we should be more thankful than ever for the many blessings and privileges which we enjoy here in America. But this tinge of sorrow serves only to make our memories of those days more sweet and tender.

November has come. The chill in the air and the morning frost tell us that the world is ready for Thanksgiving and we are ready too. For days and days we have been counting the time. At Grandmother's preparations have been afoot and the evening before the great day finds the cupboard filled with pumpkin and mince pies, cake, preserves, jellies, and most important of all, a huge turkey waiting to occupy the place of honor at the yearly banquet.

The longed for day dawns clear and fair and pleasantly cool. Long before sunrise the whole family is astir making further preparations for the feast. Grandmother is assigned the task of roasting the turkey and every time she opens the oven door the others in the kitchen cluster around to get a glimpse of it and sniff the savory odor. Soon the guests begin to arrive; daughters, sons, neices, nephews and frolicking grandchildren who make the whole house ring from end to end. A sentry has to be stationed at the kitchen door to keep them out. The women take off their wraps and hasten to the kitchen to offer assistance while the men sit around the huge log fire in the parlor and discuss the weather, the crops and the news of the neighborhood.

At last dinner is announced. Oh! what a spectacle is the large table piled high with dainties which we get only on Thanksgiving Day. But Grandfather, who has taken his accustomed place at the head of the table, pauses a moment and glances around with tender eyes at the happy faces before him. A silence falls and heads are bent as in a low reverend voice he says "Let us Pray".

Julia Hennacy.

You can't judge a book by the cover but you can sell it by the cover if you are a salesman.

A. E. Wright.

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